Mæoniæ.
OR,

CERTAINE

excellent Poems and ſpiri-
tuall Hymnes:

Omitted in the laſt Impreßion of Peters Complaint; being needefull thereunto to be annexed, as being both Diuine and Wittie.

All compoſed by R. S.

LONDON
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The Printer to the Gentlemen Readers.

HAuing beheld (kind Gentlemen) the numberlesse Iudges of not to be reckoned labours, with what kind admiration you haue entertained the Diuine Complaint of holy Peter; and hauing in my hands certaine especiall Poems and diuine Meditations, full as woorthie belonging to the same, I thought it a charitable deede to giue them life in your memories, which els should die in an obscure sacrifice, gently imbrace them, gentle censurers of gentle indeuors: so shall you not be fantastike in diuersity of opinions, nor contradict your resolues by

denying your former iudgements, but ſtill bee your ſelues diſcreetely vertuous: nor could I other wiſh, but that the courteous reader of theſe labors, not hauing already bought Peters Complaint, would not for ſo ſmall a mite of money looſe ſo rich a treaſure of heauenly wiſdome as theſe two Treatiſes ſhould miniſter vnto him, the one ſo needfully depending vpon the other. One thing amongſt the reſt I am to admoniſh thee of, that hauing in this Treatiſe read Maries viſitation, the next that ſhould folow is Chriſts natiuity, but being afore printed in the end of Peters Complaint, we haue heere of purpoſe omitted; that thou ſhouldeſt not be abridged of that and the other like comforts which that other treatiſe profereth thee.

Yours (kind Gentlemen) in all his abilities. I. B.

The Virgine Maries conception.

OVR ſecond *Eue* puts on her mortall ſhrowde,
Earth breeds a heauen, for Gods new dwelling (place,
Now riſeth vp *Elias* little clowde
That growing, ſhall diſtill the ſhowre of grace:
Her being now begins, who ere ſhe end,
Shall bring our good that ſhall our ill amend,
Both Grace and Nature did their force vnite,
To make this babe the ſumme of all their beſt,
Our moſt, her leaſt, our million, but her mite:
She was at eaſieſt rate worth all the reſt,
What grace to men or Angells God did part,
Was all vnited in this infants heart.
Foure onely wights, bred without fault are namde,
And all the reſt conceiued were in ſinne,
Without both man and wife was *Adam* framde
Of man, but not of wife did *Eue* beginne,
Wife without touch of man Chriſts mother was,
Of man and wife this babe was borne in grace.

Her Natiuitie.

IOy in the riſing of our Orient ſtarre, (light,
That ſhall bring forth the Sunne that lent her
Ioy in the peace that ſhall conclude our warre,
And ſoone rebate the edge of ſathans ſpight,
Load-ſtarre of all incloſed in worldly waues,
The care and compaſſe that from ſhip-wracke ſaues,
The patriarchs and Prophets were the flowers,
Which Time by courſe of ages did diſtill,
And cal'd into his little clowde the ſhowers,
Whoſe gratious drops the world with ioy ſhall fill,
Whoſe moiſture ſuppleth euery ſoule with grace,
And bringeth life to *Adams* dying race.
For God on earth ſhe is the royall throne,
The choſen cloth to make his mortall weede,
The quarry to cut out our corner ſtone,
Soile ful of fruite, yet free from mortall ſeede,
For heauenly flowre ſhe is the *Ieſſa* rod,
The child of man, the parent of a god.

Her

Her Spousalls.

VIfe did she liue, yet virgine did she die,
Vntaught of man, yet mother of a sonne,
To saue her selfe and child from fatall lie,
To end the web whereof the thred was spon
In marriage knots to *Ioseph* she was tide
Vnwonted workes with wonted wiles to hide,
God lent his Paradise to *Iosephs* care
Wherein he was to plant the tree of life,
His sonne of *Iosephs* child the title bare:
Just cause to make the mother *Iosephs* wife
O blessed man betroth'd too much a spouse,
More bless'd to liue with such a child in house,
No carnall loue his sacred league procurde,
All vaine delights were farre from their assent,
Though both themselues in wedlocke bands assurde,
Yet chaste by vow they seald their chaste intent
Thus had the Virgins, wiues, and widows crowne,
And by chaste child-birth dubled their renowne.

The virgins ſalutation.

SPell *Eua* backe, and *Aue* ſhall you finde,
The firſt began, the laſt reuerſt our harmes,
An Angels *Aue* diſinchants the charmes,
Death firſt by womans weaknes entred in,
In womans vertue life doth now begin.
O Virgins breaſt, the heauens to thee incline,
In thee they ioy, and ſoueraigne they agnize,
Too meane their glorie is to match with thine,
Whoſe chaſte receit God more then heauen did prize,
Haile faireſt heauen, that heauen and earth doe bliſſe,
Where vertues ſtarre, Gods ſunne of iuſtice is,
With hauty mind to godhead man aſpirde,
And was by pride from place of pleaſure chac'de,
With louing mind our manhood God deſired,
And vs by loue in greater pleaſure plac'de,
Man labouring to aſcend procurde our fall,
God yeelding to diſcend cut off our thrall.

The Viſitation.

PRoclaimed Queene and mother of a God,
The light of earth, the ſouereigne of Saints,
With Pilgrim foote, vp tyring hils ſhe trod,
And heauenly ſtile with handmaids toile ac-
Her youth to age, her ſelfe to ſicke ſhe lends, (quaints,
Her heart to God, to neighbour hand ſhee bends.
A prince ſhe is, and mightier prince doth beare,
Yet pompe of princely traine ſhe would not haue,
But doubtleſſe heauenly Quires attendant were,
Her child from harme her ſelfe from fall to ſaue,
Word to the voice, ſong to the tune ſhe brings,
The voice her word, the tune her ditty ſings,
Eternall lights incloſed in her breaſt,
Shot out ſuch piercing beames of burning loue,
That when her voice her coſens eares poſſeſt,
The force thereof did force her babe to moue,
With ſecret ſignes the children greet each other,
But open praiſe each leaueth to his mother.

His circumciſion.

THe head is launſt to worke the bodies cure,
With angry ſalue it ſmarts to heal our woũd
To faultleſſe ſonne from all offences pure,
The faulty vaſſals ſcourges do redound,
The Iudge is caſt the guiltie to acquite,
The ſunne defac'd to lend the ſtarre his light,
The vine of life diſtilleth drops of grace,
Our rocke giues iſſue to an heauenly ſpring,
Teares from his eies, bloud runnes from wounded place
Which ſhowers to heauen of ioy a harueſt bring,
This ſacred dew let angels gather vp,
Such dainty drops beſt fit their nectared cup,
With weeping eies his mother rewd his ſmart,
If bloud from him, teares came from her as faſt,
The knife that cut his fleſh did pierce his heart,
The paine that Ieſus let did *Mary* taſte,
His life and hers hung by one fatall twiſt,
No blow that hit the ſonne the mother miſt.

The Epiphanie.

TO blaze the rising of this glorious sunne
A glittering starre appeareth in the East,'
Whose sight to pilgrims toile three sages wun;
To seeke the light they long had in requeſt,
And by this starre to nobler starre they pace,
Whose armes did their desired sinne imbrace:
Stall was the skie wherein those plannets shinde,
And want the clowd that did eclipse their raies,
Yet through this clowd their light did passage finde,
And pierc'd these sages hearts by secret waies,
Which made them know the ruler of the skies,
By infant tongue and lookes of babish eies,
Heauen at her light, earth blust eth at her pride,
And of their pompe these peeres ashamed be,
Their crownes, their robes, their traines they set aside
When Gods poore cottage, clouts, and crew they see,
All glorious things their glory now despise
Sith God Contempt doth more then Glory prise,
Three gifts they bring, three gifts they beare away
For incense, mirre, and gold; faith, hope, and loue,
And with their gifts the giuers hearts do stay
Their mind from Christ, no parting can remoue
His humble state, his stall, his poore retinew
They fancy more then all their rich reuenew.

The Presentation.

TO be redeemde the worlds Redeemer brough,
Two seely turtle doues for ransome paies,
O wares with empires worthie to be bought,
This easie rate doth sound, not drowne thy praise,
For sith no prise can to thy worth amount,
A doue, yea loue, due price thou doest account,
Old *Simeon*, cheape pennie worth and sweete,
Obteind when thee in armes he did imbrace,
His weeping eies thy smiling lookes did meete,
Thy loue his heart, thy kisses blest his face,
O eies, O heart, meane sights and loues auoyde,
Base not your selues, your best you haue enioyde,
O virgine pure thou dost those doues present,
As due to law, not as an equall price,
To buy such ware thou wouldst thy selfe haue spent,
The world to reach his worth could not suffice,
If God were to be bought, not worldly pelfe,
But thou wert fittest price next God himselfe.

The

The flight into Egypt.

ALas our day is forſt to flie by night,
Light without light, and ſunne by ſilent ſhade,
O nature bluſh, that ſuffreſt ſuch a wight,
That in thy ſunne thy darke eclipſe haſt made
Day to his eies, light to his ſteps denie,
That hates the light which graceth euery eie,
Sunne being fled the ſtarres do looſe their light,
And ſhining beames, in bloudy ſtreames they drench.
A cruell ſtorme of *Herods* mortall ſpight,
Their liues and lights with bloudy ſhowres do quench,
The tyrant to be ſure of murdring one,
For feare of ſparing him doth pardon none.
O bleſſed babes, firſt flowers of chriſtian ſpring,
Who though vntimely cropt faire garlandes frame,
With open throats and ſilent mouthes you ſing
His praiſe, whom age permits you not to name,
Your tunes are teares, your inſtruments are ſwordes,
Your dittie death, and bloud in liew of wordes.

Christs returne out of Egypt.

WHen death and hell their right in *Herod* claime,
Christ from exile returnes to natiue ſoile:
There, with his life more deepely death to maime
Then death did life by all the infants ſpoile.
He ſhewed the parents that the babes did mone,
That all their liues were leſſe then his alone.
But hearing *Herods* ſonne to haue the crowne,
The impious offspring of a bloudy ſire,
To *Nazareth* (of heauen beloued) towne,
Flowre to a flowre he fitly doth retire.
For he is a flower and in a flower he bred,
And from a throne now to a flowre he fled.
And wel deſeru'd this flower his fruit to vew
Where he inueſted was in mortal weede,
Where firſt into a tender bud he grew
In virgin branch vnſtaind with mortall ſeede.
Young flower, with flowers, in flower well may he be:
Ripe fruit he muſt with thornes hang on a tree.

Chriſts

Christs bloody ſweat.

FAt ſoile, full ſpring, ſweete oliue, grape of bliſſe,
That yeelds, that ſtreams, that powers, that doſt diſtil
Vntild, vndrawne, vnſtampt, vntoucht of preſſe,
Deare fruit, cleare brookes, faire oyle, ſweete wine at wil:
Thus Chriſt vnforſt, preuents in ſheeding blood
The whips, the thornes, the naile, the ſpeare, and roode.
He Pelicans, he Phenix fate doth proue,
Whom flames conſume when ſtreames enforce to die,
How burneth bloud, how bleedeth burning loue?
Can one in flame, and ſtreame both bathe and frie?
How would hee ioine a Phenix fiery paines,
In fainting Pelicans ſtill bleeding vaines?

Christs sleeping friends.

When Christ with care& pangs of death oppreſt
From frighted fleſh a bloody ſweate did raine,
And full of feare without repoſe or reſt
In agonie did watch and pray in vaine,
Three ſundrie times hee his diſciples findes
With heauy eies, but farre more heauy mindes,
With milde rebuke he warned them to wake:
Yet ſleepe did ſtill their drowſie ſences hold:
As when the ſunne the brighteſt ſhew doth make,
In darkeſt ſhroudes the night birdes them infolde,
His foes did watch to worke their cruell ſpight,
His drouſie friendes ſlept in his hardeſt night.
As *Ionas* ſayled once from *Ioppaes* ſhoare
A boyſtrous tempeſt in the aire did broile,
The waues did rage, the thundring heau'ns did roare,
The ſtormes, the rocks, the lightnings threatned ſpoile,
The ſhip was billowes game, and chaunces pray,
Yet careleſſe *Ionas* mute and ſlumbring lay:

So

So now though *Iudas* like a bluſtring guſt,
Doe ſtirre the furious ſea of Iewiſh ire,
Though ſtorming troopes in quarrels moſt vniuſt
Againſt the barke of all our bliſſe conſpire,
Yet theſe diſciples ſleeping lie ſecure,
As though their wonted calme did ſtill endure.
So *Ionas* once his heauy limmes to reſt,
Did ſhrowd himſelfe in iuy pleaſant ſhade,
But lo, while him a heauy ſleepe oppreſt,
His ſhadowy bowre, to withered ſtalke did fade,
A cankered worme did gnaw the roote away,
And brought the glorious branches to decay.
O gratious plant, O tree of heauenly ſpring,
The paragon for leafe, for fruit and flower,
How ſweete a ſhadow did thy branches bring
To ſhrowd theſe ſoules that choſe thee for their bower?
But now while they with *Ionas* fall aſleepe,
To ſpoile their plant an enuious worme doth creepe.
Awake you ſlumbring wights lift vp your eies,
Marke *Iudas* how to teare your roote he ſtriues,
Alas the glorie of your arbor dies,
Ariſe and guarde the comforte of your liues.
No *Ionas* iuy, no *Zacheus* tree,
Were to the world ſo great a loſſe as he.

The virgin Mary to Christ on the Crosse.

WHat miſt hath dimd that glorious face, what ſeas of griefe my ſun doth toſſe?
The golden raies of heauenly grace lies now ecclipſed on the croſſe.
Ieſus my loue, my ſonne, my God, behold thy mother waſht in teares:
Thy bloudie woundes be made a rod, to chaſten theſe my latter yeares.
You cruell Iewes come worke your ire, vpon this worthleſſe fleſh of mine:
And kindle not eternall fire, by wounding him which is diuine.
Thou meſſenger that didſt impart, his firſt diſcent into my wombe,
Come helpe me now to cleaue my heart, that there I may my ſonne intombe.
You Angels all that preſent were, to ſhew his birth with harmonie,
Why are you not now readie here, to make a mourning ſymphony.
The cauſe I know you waile alone and ſhed your teares in ſecreſie,
Leaſt I ſhould moued be to mone, by force of heauie companie.
But waile my ſoule, thy comfort dies, my wofull wombe lament thy fruit,
My heart giue teares vnto my eies, let ſorrow ſtring my heauy lute.

A holy Hymne.

PRaiſe, O Sion, praiſe thy Sauiour;
Praiſe thy Captaine, and thy paſtour,
With hymnes and ſolemne harmony.
What power affords performe indeede,
His workes all praiſes farre exceede:
No praiſe can reach his dignity.
A ſpeciall theame of praiſe is read,
A liuing and life giuing bread
Is on this day exhibited
Within the ſupper of our Lord,
To twelue diſciples at his bord,
As doubtleſſe twas deliuered.
Let our praiſe be lou'd and free,
Full of ioy and decent glee,
With minds and voices melody.
For now ſolemnize we that day,
Which doth with ioy to vs diſplay,
The priuie vſe of this miſtery,
At this bord of our new ruler,
Of new law, new paſcal order.

The ancient rite abolisheth,
Old decrees, by new annill'd,
Shadowes are in truth fulfill'd,
Day former darknesse finisheth,
That at supper Christ performed
To be done he straightly charged,
For his eternall memorie.
Guided by his sacred orders,
Bread and wine vpon our altars
To sauing host we sanctifie,
Christians are by faith assured
That to flesh the bread is changed,
The wine to bloud most precious,
That no wit nor sence conceiueth
Firme and grounded faith believeth
In strange affects not curious.
Vnder kindes two in appearance,
Two in shew but one in substance,
Be things beyond comparison:
Flesh is meat, blood drinke most heauenly:
Yet is Christ in each kinde wholy,
Most free from all diuision.
None that eateth him doth chew him,
None that takes him, doth diuide him:
Receiued, he whole persevereth,
Be there one or thousands housel'd.

One as much as all receiued,
He by no eating periſheth.
Both the good and bad receiue him,
But effects are diuers in them,
True life, or true deſtruction,
Life to the good, death to the wicked:
Marke how both alike receiued,
With farre vnlike concluſion.
When the prieſt the hoaſt deuideth,
Know that each part abideth,
All that the whole hoaſt couered:
Forme of bread, not Chriſt is broken,
Not of Chriſt, but of his token,
Is ſtate or ſtature altered.
Angels bread made *Pilgrims* feeding,
Truely bread for childrens eating,
To dogs not to be offered:
Sign'd by *Iſack* on the altar,
By the Lambe and paſcall ſupper,
And in the manna figured.
Ieſu foode and feeder of vs
Here with mercie feede and friend vs,
Then grant in heauen felicitie,
Lord of all whom here thou feedeſt,
Fellow heires, gueſts with thy deareſt,
Make vs in heauenly companie.

S. Peters afflicted mind.

IF that the ſicke may grone,
Or Orphane mourne his loſſe:
If wounded wretch may rue his harmes,
Or caitife ſhew his croſſe:
If heart conſumde with care,
May vtter ſignes of paine,
Then may my breaſt be ſorrowes home,
And tongue with cauſe complaine.
My maladie is ſinne,
And langour of the mind,
My body but a lazars couch,
Wherein my ſoule is pinde.
The care of heauenly kind
Is dead to my releefe,
Forlorne and left like Orphan childe;
With ſighes I feede my griefe.
My wounds with mortall ſmart,
My dying ſoule torment,
And priſoner to mine owne miſhaps,
My follies I repent.
My heart is but the haunt
Where all diſlikes do keepe:
And who can blame ſo loſt a wretch,
Though teares of bloud he weepe?

S. Peters

S. Peters remorse.

REmorse vpbraids my faults,
Selfe blaming conscience cries,
Sinne claimes the hoast of humbled thoughts,
And streames of weeping eies.
Let penance Lord preuaile,
Let sorrow sue release,
Let loue be vmpier in my cause,
And passe the doome of peace.
If doome go by desert,
My least desert is death
That robs from soule immortall ioyes,
From body mortall breath.
But in so high a God,
So base a wormes annoy,
Can adde no praise vnto thy power,
No blisse vnto thy ioy.
Well may I frie in flames
Due fuell to hell fire,

But on a wretch to wreake thy wrath
Can not be worth thine ire.
Yet ſith ſo vile a woorme
Hath wrought his greateſt ſpight,
Of higheſt treaſon well thou maiſt,
In rigor him indite.
But mercy may relent
And temper iuſtice rod,
For mercy doth as much belong,
As Iuſtice to a God.
If former time or place
More right to mercy winne,
Thou firſt wert author of my ſelfe,
Then vmpier of my ſinne.
Did mercy ſpin the thread,
To weaue in iuſtice loome,
Wert thou a father to conclude,
With dreadfull Iudges doome,
It is a ſmall releeſe
To ſay I was thy child,
If as an ill deſeruing foe
From grace I am exilde.
I was, I had, I could,
All wordes importing want:
They are but duſt of dead ſupplies,
Where needefull helpes are ſcant.

Once

Once to haue beene in bliſſe
I hat hardly can returne,
Doth but bewray from whence I fell,
And wherefore now I mourne.
All thoughts of paſſed hopes
Encreaſe my preſent croſſe:
Like ruines of decayed ioyes,
They ſtill vpbraide my loſſe,
O milde and mighty Lord,
Amend that is amiſſe:
My ſinne my ſoare, thy loue my ſalue,
Thy cure my comfort is.
Confirme thy former deedes,
Reforme that is defilde:
I was, I am, I will remaine,
Thy charge, thy choiſe, thy childe.

Man to the wound in Christs side.

O Pleasant port, O place of rest,
O royal rift, O worthy wound,
Come harbour me a weary guest,
That in the world no ease haue found.
I lie lamenting at thy gate,
Yet dare I not aduenture in:
I beare with me a troublous mate,
And cumbred am with heape of sinne,
Discharge me of this heauy loade,
That easier passage I may find,
Within this bowre to make aboade,
And in this glorious toomb be shrin'd.
Here must I liue, here must I die,
Here would I vtter all my griefe:
Here would I all those paines descrie,
Which here did meete for my releefe.
Here would I view that bloudy sore,
Which dint of spiteful speare did breed:

The bloudy woundes laid there in ſtore
Would force a ſtony heart to bleede.
Here is the ſpring of trickling teares,
The mirror of all mourning wights,
With dolefull tunes, for dumpiſh cares,
And ſolemne ſhewes for ſorrowed ſights.
O happie ſoule that flies ſo hie,
As to attaine this ſacred caue:
Lord ſend we wings that I may flie,
And in this harbour quiet haue.

Vpon the Image of death.

BEfore my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind,
Of those cold names and bitter pangs,
That shortly I am like to find:
But yet alas full little I
Do thinke hereon that I must die.
I often looke vpon a face
Most vgly, grisly, bare and thinne,
I often view the hollow place,
Where eies and nose, had sometimes bin,
I see the bones acrosse that lie:
Yet little thinke that I must die.
I reade the Labell vnderneath
That telleth me whereto I must,
I see the sentence cake that saith,
Remember man that thou art dust:
But yet alas but seldome I,
Doe thinke indeede that I must die.

Con-

Continually at my beds head,
A hearse doth hang which doth me tel,
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feele my selfe ful well:
But yet alas, for all this I
Haue little minde that I must die.
The gowne which I do vse to weare,
The knife wherewith I cut my meate,
And eke that old and ancient chaire,
Which is my onely vsuall seate:
All those do tel me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.
My ancestors are turnd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone,
My yongers daily drop away,
And can I thinke to scape alone?
No, no, I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.
Not *Salomon* for al his wit,
Nor *Samson* though he were so strong,
No king nor person euer yet
Could scape, but death laid him along:
Wherefore I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.
Though all the East did quake to heare,
Of *Alexanders* dreadfull name,

And all the Weſt did likewiſe feare,
To heare of *Iulius Ceſars* fame,
Yet both by death in duſt now lie,
Who then can ſcape but he muſt die?
If none can ſcape deaths dreadfull dart,
If rich and poore his becke obey,
If ſtrong, if wiſe, if all do ſmart,
Then I to ſcape ſhall haue no way.
Oh grant me grace O God that I,
My life may mend ſith I muſt die.

A vale of teares.

A Vale there is enwrapt with dreadfull ſhades, (ſunne
Which thicke of mourning pines ſhrouds from the
Where hanging clifts yeld ſhort & dumpiſh glades,
And ſnowy flouds with broken ſtreames do runne,
Where eie-roume is from rocke to cloudie skie,
From thence to dales which ſtormy ruines ſhrowd,
Then to the cruſhed waters frothie frie,
Which tumbleth from the tops where ſnow is thow'd:
Where eares of other ſound can haue no choice,
But various bluſtring of the ſtubborne wind,
In trees, in caues, in ſtraits with diuers noiſe,
Which now doth hiſſe, now howle, now roare by kind:
Where waters wraſtle with encountering ſtones,
That breake their ſtreames, and turne them into foame,
The hollow clowds ful fraught with thundering groans
With hideous thumps diſcharge their pregnant wombe.
And in the horror of this fearefull quier,
Conſiſts the muſicke of this dolefull place:

All pleaſant birds their tunes from thence retire,
Where none but heauy notes haue any grace.
Reſort there is of none but pilgrim wights,
That paſſe with trembling foote and panting heart,
With terrour caſt in cold and ſhuddring frights,
And all the place to terror framde by art:
Yet natures worke it is of arte vntoucht,
So ſtrait indeede, ſo vaſt vnto the eie,
With ſuch diſordred order ſtrangely coucht,
And ſo with pleaſing horror low and hie,
That who it viewes muſt needes remaine agaſt,
Much at the worke, more at the makers might,
And muſe how Nature ſuch a plot could caſt,
Where nothing ſeemed wrong, yet nothing right:
A place for mated mindes, an onely bower,
Where euerie thing doth ſooth a dumpiſh mood.
Earth lies forlorne, the cloudie skie doth lower,
The wind here weepes, her ſighes, her cries aloude:
The ſtrugling floud betweene the marble grones,
Then roaring beates vpon the craggie ſides,
A little off a midſt the pibble ſtones,
With bubling ſtreams a purling noiſe it glides.
The pines thicke ſet, hie growne, and euer greene,
Still cloath the place with ſhade and mourning vaile.
Here gaping cliffes, there moſſe growne plaine is ſeene,
Here hope doth ſpring, and there againe doth quaile.

Huge

Huge maſsie ſtones that hang by tickle ſtay,
Still threaten foule, and ſeeme to hang in feare,
Some withered trees aſhamde of their decay,
Beſet with greene, and forcde gray cotes to weare.
Here chriſtall ſprings crept out of ſecret vaine,
Straite findes ſome enuious hole that hides their graine.
Here ſeated tufts lament the wants of grace,
There thunder wracke giues terror to the place.
All pangs and heauie paſsions here may find
A thouſand motiues ſuitly to their griefes,
To feede the ſorowes of their troubled mind,
And chaſe away dame pleaſures vaine releefes.
To plaining thoughts this vaile areſt may bee,
To which from worldly toyes they may retire,
Where ſorrow ſprings from water, ſtone, and tree,
Where euerie thing with mourners doth conſpire.
Sit here my ſoule, mourne ſtreames of teares afloate,
Here all thy ſinfull foyles alone recount,
Of ſolemne tunes make thou the dolefulſt note,
That to thy ditties dolor may amount.
When *Eccho* doth repeate thy painefull cries,
Thinke that the verie ſtones thy ſinnes bewray,
And now accuſe thee with their ſad replies,
As heauen and earth ſhall in the latter day,
Let former faults be fuell of the fire,
For griefe in Limbecke of thy heart to ſtill.

Thy penſiue thoughts, and dumps of thy deſire,
And vapour teares vp to thy eies at will.
Let teares to tunes, and paines to plaints be preſt,
And let this be the burthen to thy ſong,
Come deepe remorſe, poſſeſſe my ſinfull breſt:
Delights adue. I harbored you too long.

The prodigall childs ſoule wracke.

DIſanker'd from a blisfull ſhore, and lancht into the meane of cares,
Grown rich in vice, in vertue poore, from freedom falne in fatal ſnares,
I found my ſelfe on euerie ſide enwrapped in the waues of wo,
And toſſed with a toileſome tide, could to no port for refuge go.
The wraſtling windes with raging blaſts ſtill hold me in a cruell chace:
They breake my anchors, ſaile, and maſts, permitting no repoſing place.
The boiſtrous ſeas with ſwelling flouds, on euery ſide did worke their ſpight,
Heauen ouercaſt with ſtormie clouds, denide the Planets guiding light.
The helliſh furies lay in wait, to winne my ſoule into their power,
To make me bite at euery bait, wherein my bane I might deuoure.
Thus heauen and hel, thus ſea and land, thus ſtormes and tempeſts did conſpire,
With iuſt reuenge of ſcourging hand, to witneſſe Gods deſerued ire.
I plunged in this heauie plight, found in my faults iuſt cauſe to feare:
My darkenes taught to know my light, the loſſe thereof enforced teares.
I felt my inward bleeding ſores, my feſtred wounds began to ſmart,
Stept far within deaths fatall doores, the pangs thereof were nere my hart.
I cried truce: I craued peace, a leaguе with death I would conclude,
But vaine it was to ſue releaſe, ſubdue I muſt or be ſubdude.

Death

Death & deceit had pitcht their ſnares and put their wonted proofes in vre
To ſinke me in deſpairing cares, or make me ſtoupe to pleaſures lure:
They ſought by their bewitching charmes, ſo to enchant my erring ſenſe,
That when they ſought my greateſt harmes, I might neglect my beſt defence.
My dazled eies could take no view, no heed of their receiuing ſhifts,
So often did they alter hew, and practiſe new deuiſed drifts:
With Syrens ſongs they fed mine eares, till luld aſleepe on errors lap,
I found their tunes turnd into tears, and ſhort delights to long miſhap.
For I inticed to their lore, and ſoothed with their idle toies,
Was trained to their priſon doore, the end of all ſuch flying ioies:
Where chaind in ſinne I lay in thrall, next to the dungeon of deſpaire,
Till mercy raiſde me from my fall, and grace my ruines did repaire.

Mans ciuill warre.

MY houering thoughts would flie to heauen, and quiet neſtle in the skie,
Faine would my ſhip in vertues ſhore without remoue at anchor lie:
But mounted thoughts are hauled downe with heauie poiſe of mortall load,
And bluſtring ſtormes denie my ſhip in vertues hauen ſure aboade.
When inward eie to heauenly ſights doth draw my longing harts deſire,
The world with leſſes of delight, would to her pearch my thoughts retire,
Fond fancie traines to pleaſures lure, though reaſon ſtiffely do repine.
Though reaſon wooe me to the ſaint, yet ſenſe would win me to the ſhrine:
Where wiſedome loathes, there fancie loues, and euer rules the captiue will
Foes ſenſes, and to vertues lore, they draw the wit their wiſh to fill.

Neede

Neede craues consent of soule to sense, yet diuers bents breeds ciuill fray,
Hard hap where halues must disagree, or trust of halues the whole betray.
O cruell fight where fighting frend with loue doth kill a fauoring foe,
Where peace with sense is warre with God, and selfe delight the seed of woe,
Dame pleasures drugges are steept in sinne, their sugred taste doth breede anoy,
O fickle sense beware her ginne, sell not thy soule for brittle ioy.

Seeke flowers of heauen.

SOare vp my soule vnto thy rest, cast off this loathsome loade,
Long is the date of thy exile, too long the strickt abode.
Graze not on worldly withered weede, it fitteth not thy taste,
The flowers of euerlasting spring, doe grow for thy repast.
Their leaues are staind in beauties die and blazed with their beams
Their stalks enameld with delight, and limbde with glorious gleams,
Life giuing iuice of liuing loue, their sugred veines doth fill,
And watred with eternall showers, they nectared drops distill.
These flowers do spring from fertile soile, though from vnmanurde field,
Most glittring gold in lieu of glebe, these fragrant flowers do yeeld:
Whose soueraigne sent surpassing sense, so rauisheth the minde.
That worldly weedes needs must be loath, that can these flowers find.

FINIS.

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